

E 430

F72

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00005023889







ADDRESS

OF

sen
JOHN W. FORNEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA,

AT

THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC JUBILEE,

IN HONOR OF THE

ELECTION OF PIERCE AND KING,

HELD

AT THE CITY OF WASHINGTON,

NOVEMBER 11, 1852.



WASHINGTON:

PRINTED BY LEMUEL TOWERS.

1852.

2.2 20/8/82
ADDRESS

OF

✓
JOHN W. FORNEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA,
11

AT

THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC JUBILEE,

IN HONOR OF THE

ELECTION OF PIERCE AND KING,

HELD

25.10
AT THE CITY OF WASHINGTON,

NOVEMBER 11, 1852.



WASHINGTON:

PRINTED BY LEMUEL TOWERS.

1852.

E43°

F72

CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, *November 12, 1852.*

MY DEAR SIR : I have been instructed by the JACKSON DEMOCRATIC ASSOCIATION to return you the thanks of the Democracy of this City for your eloquent and masterly Address delivered on the evening of the 11th inst., on the occasion of the Grand Democratic Jubilee, in honor of the election of FRANKLIN PIERCE and WM. R. KING, and to request of you the favor of a copy of the same for publication.

With great respect, your friend,

J. D. HOOVER,

President Jackson Democratic Association.

Col. JNO. W. FORNEY.

WASHINGTON, *November 13, 1852.*

MY DEAR SIR : If my brief Address has any merit, you are quite at liberty to use it as you please. It is so easy to rejoice over a victory like ours, that every word in praise of it is only the echo of the popular heart.

Very truly, yours,

JNO. W. FORNEY.

J. D. HOOVER, Esq.

ADDRESS.

Before the battle of Wagram, to the heroic Marshal Macdonald was confided the perilous duty of charging the Austrian centre. Burning to vindicate himself from the displeasure of his chief, he hurled his division of fifteen thousand men against the living rampart of the foe; and although he fought his way through a dense mass of eighty thousand assailants, and escaped with but fifteen hundred of the gallant band that had followed him into the red throat of battle, yet after the fight was over, and the triumph won, on an adjacent height might be seen the colors of Macdonald, no longer clad in sabres and in sorrow, floating proudly in the breeze.

We, who fell with our flag and our faith four years ago, may trace the comparison which this incident suggests, now that we have vindicated ourselves by the crowning victory you meet this evening to commemorate. We fought against confident and extended combinations; and although we have lost no lives in the conflict, and have emerged from it with increased animation and energy, yet have we overwhelmed our adversaries, and rescued the country from those who have proved by their own works that they are unequal to, or unworthy of, the great trust thrown into their hands in a moment of mistaken but patriotic enthusiasm.

We do not assemble to celebrate the triumph of good principles in the spirit that exults over our fellow-citizens now in the minority. The grandeur of this triumph, its majesty, its comprehensiveness, its completeness, attest that you have been victorious in a good cause. Those who have gone down in the struggle can now contemplate the meagre proportions of their own creed, and, at their leisure, amend its manifest deficiencies. We do not rejoice over them, while we thank God that we have defeated their designs. In this age truth has too fair and too wide a field to make the downfall of error a wonder; and in this republic the best evidences of the justice of Democratic principles are the increasing benefits they confer upon the people. Pride of opinion often retains men in the wrong when conscience and conviction tell them that they ought to avow their mistakes; but our countrymen, as a mass, no more desire to deny the success of any broad and genial policy, which proves its beneficence by its fruits, than they would desire to deny the sun himself while standing in the effulgence of his glorious beams. When an honest man, who calls himself a Whig, sees what he has believed to be the destructive dogmas of the Democracy, reflecting glory upon the American name, and prosperity upon the American people, he does not grope for proofs that he is deluded by a vain show, but stands up and admits that which it would dishonor him to dispute. And when this same man finds his own high hopes in the ability of Whig measures turning to dust and ashes in his hands, his heart yields to the truth which his judg-

ment cannot resist. We rejoice over no such citizens. We rejoice the rather that the Whig party of yesterday contains so many.

No, fellow-citizens! we commemorate the event of the second of November not because a certain party was defeated, but because eternal principles have prevailed. We rejoice not over any portion of our countrymen, but for all our country. We rejoice that the great principles which have so often been our safeguards in our onward career, and which have so often protected us from the consequences of pernicious doctrines, are once more to be applied in the administration of this Government.

Gentlemen, you who have read the gorgeous tale of Monte-Cristo, and remember his surprise when his store of gold and jewels was opened to his eyes, may realize the difficulty he experienced in selecting that which was most valuable and rare. In looking over the history of the last contest for the Presidency, whom shall we distinguish for applause where all have done so well? I might, with the natural love of home, ask your voices for old Pennsylvania, who aided so gallantly in the van of the conflict; but when we remember the blaze of a nation's victory as it illuminated the whole land, it would be unjust and invidious to discriminate. The North answered to the East—the South to the West. Startled by one great majority, hardly had the shouts that greeted it died away, ere the telegraph flashed another before our eyes! When the earliest intelligence of our success came to my ears I was in Phila-

delphia. The first voice of triumph was answered by the echoes of rival achievements from every corner of the land; and the thunders of the masses responded to the welcome language of the lightning—

“Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now had found a tongue,
And Jura answered through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who called to her aloud.”

Let us not pause upon the circumstances which gave us this great victory; but it is due to truth to say that we have won no advantage by concealment or by calumny. A French statesman said, when reminded that he had espoused an unpopular cause, “I have placed my bark upon the highest promontory, and I fearlessly await the rising waves of public opinion to float it off.” The great element of nationality, which recently marshaled us to such crowning success, won its way over a thousand obstacles. At first it was advocated in the midst of minority and misrepresentation. For a season it was almost lost amid the waves of fanaticism. More than one gallant spirit in the North fell in defence of it. But it was not cravenly deserted. While such men as FRANKLIN PIERCE in the Free States held up the standard, like a star in a stormy sky, whose occasional gleams showed that hope and patriotism still survived, the Constitution did not want for friends. Public opinion, startled at first by the efforts of sectional influences, soon rose to the emergency. Tranquility came after discord and danger; and those who had been brave and bold enough to stand by the right

were vindicated. The great seal of the popular decree was imposingly affixed to the compromise measures in the election just closed ; and the national element, once scouted and scorned, is now acknowledged as the sentiment of a vast majority of our countrymen. But the past teaches other lessons. The record that preserves the history of the campaign so far as the Democrats are concerned, is stained by no fraud, blackened by no falsehood, dishonored by no slander. We spoke no two languages on any question. What was printed under authority for one region could be used in all. The same principles were advocated all over the country, and no man voted in the dark. Every issue was faithfully met—every argument frankly discussed. We may look back upon this feature of the canvass without a blush, and the champions of our cause, whether the toilers at the editorial desk, or the orators on the hustings, may triumphantly solicit all just criticism of their conduct. Parties and partisans may learn this lesson—that now, when the glare of availability has faded, and the flowers of rhetoric have withered, the surest way to the confidence of a great people is to deal with them like intelligent and intrepid freemen.

It is a suggestive coincidence that the equestrian statue of ANDREW JACKSON will be elevated two brief months before FRANKLIN PIERCE takes his seat as President. It is well that the restoration of the Democracy to National Power should be thus inaugurated. It is well that the new Administration should be reminded of the duties before it by such a ceremonial. Man

among men! Patriot without guile! Warrior without pretension! Democrat without selfishness! Let us recall thy proud example to guide and guard the administration of thy follower and thy friend! The masses never deserted thee. You rose from their midst, and as, step by step, you ascended to the highest honors, their hearts beat for you, their hands were raised to you, their votes vindicated you. Among the granite mountains of the East there is a citizen who has been chosen to conduct the nation in the path you laid down. It is a common compliment to speak of politicians of the JACKSON school; but FRANKLIN PIERCE has illustrated the annals of his State and of the nation by proofs of his indomitable firmness and unquenchable enthusiasm as a supporter of this memorable school. No follower he of the passions of the hour—no eager echo he of local fanaticisms; but a man whose character, cast in no cold or contracted mould, has fitted him for those conflicts which demand the wisdom of a great statesman and the courage of a great hero. When JACKSON died he left a nation in tears; but his great example will live forever—

“They never fall who die
In a good cause; the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.”

The country requires a Democratic Administration. Its great interests, present and future, demand the guardianship of the friends of the Constitution. Let us not be afraid to say it—its wonderful progress can alone be sustained and made perfect through future ages by the progressive party. While population rolls its mighty wave over the expanses of the West—while myriads of hard hands and brave hearts daily seek shelter under the folds of our luminous banner—new Territories are added to our domain as if to provide for the new generations which are hereafter to occupy them. Even since the foundations of yonder monument to the Father of his Country were laid deep in the soil, a great Commonwealth has been wedded to the Union, rivalling all the fabled stories of Eastern wealth, and outdazzling the marvels even of this age of marvels, in its rapid march to greatness, and its magic accession to the blessings and benefits of civilization and law. Before the majestic structure now rising in the east shall be completed, (the extension of the Capitol,) where future statesmen will contend, let us hope, for a republic which shall cover every foot of this continent, other States may be added to this Union, and other Territories gathered to the protecting embrace of our free institutions.

If that historic hero, now sleeping among the shades of the Hermitage, could reappear upon that stage where, for many long years, he was the conspicuous ideal of disinterested patriotism, he would join with you in the imposing festivities by which you hail the

election of FRANKLIN PIERCE. But chiefly would he rejoice because that result was due to a people whose achievements in arts, in arms, and in every avocation which elevates character and country, have made them the political miracle of our time. Who so fitted to administer our laws as those who have championed the Constitution? Who so fitted to govern as those who have achieved the noblest triumphs of legislation? Who so deserving of power as those who have never abused it? Who so prepared for the responsibilities of the State as those who have stood by the State in the storm and in the sunshine, in the battle and in the breeze? Above all, who are so well armed for future emergencies growing out of new issues as those who never faltered in the darkest crisis—who never failed in the direst peril? The Democratic party is that party which has contended that our Territories might advance, and advance, and yet that they could not out-march the guiding radiance of our flag, nor stray from the protecting shelter of our Constitution. Who so well prepared and so well schooled to control the ship of State through all the trials consequent upon the enlarging grandeur of our country, as the great party which conceived and carried the purchase of Louisiana, the annexation of Texas, and the acquisition of California? Let not those who anticipate bad results from the rule of FRANKLIN PIERCE misunderstand the idea of American progress as typified in the wise and beneficent policy of the Democratic party. It is neither fanaticism nor fear. It is caution, but not cowardice. It

avoids war by showing its disregard of war when the nation's honor is involved. Its history shows that the best way to conquer and to consummate peace is boldly to confront peril. The progress of the Democratic party, as manifested from the beginning, is the truest conservatism. Those who predict otherwise at present no less foolishly forget the past than they blindly tremble at the future.

And now, fellow-citizens, let your bon-fires blaze ; let your torches glare ; let your shouts be raised ; and "let the cannon to the trumpet speak." But as you pass through this lovely city, as your joyous line illuminates its broad streets and stately avenues—as JEFFERSON* from the west, standing like a sleepless warder at the doors of the Presidential mansion, points you to the chart he laid down for your guidance, and as WASHINGTON† from the east, like a deity enthroned in the grounds of the Capitol, seems to invoke new blessings upon the republic he served and saved—do not forget that the victory you have won is the victory of a Constitution which can only be preserved by the virtue and the vigilance of the American people.

* The Statue of Jefferson stands fronting the White House.

† The Statue of Washington is on the East square of the Capitol.

W 46





WERT
BOOKBINDING
Grantville, Pa.
Jan - Feb 1989
We're Quality Bound

